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SHAKSPERE

JULIUS
CAESAR

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The Lake English Classics

SHAKSPERE'S

JULIUS CAESAR

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

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PREFACE.

The aim in the present volume, as in the others of the series, is to present a satisfactory text with as full an equipment of introduction and notes as is necessary for thorough intelligibility. The section of the introduction dealing with Shakspere and the drama is intended to give the student a clear idea of the place of the play in literary history. The treatment of the relation of Shakspere's *Julius Caesar* to North's *Plutarch* is an attempt to solve a difficulty which meets the editor of any of the Roman plays. A mere statement of indebtedness fails to convey a true idea of the real facts of the case; and the reprinting of the whole text of which Shakspere availed himself does not explain the situation without much detailed study. The comparative table given on pp. 40-42 tells much at a glance; and the teacher who wishes to illustrate further Shakspere's use of his material will find it easy to do so by means of the references to Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, a book which every teacher of the play should have at hand. The sections on language and metre present some of the peculiarities of Shakspere's English and versification in a more systematic fashion than is possible in separate notes.

The task of aesthetic interpretation has been, for the most part, left to the teacher; yet it may be pointed out that this play offers exceptionally good opportunities for explaining the elements of dramatic construction. The action in *Julius Caesar* is less complicated than in most of Shakspere's other tragedies; there is no under plot; and the rise and fall of the action, up to the climax in Caesar's death and down to the catastrophe at Philippi, is easily traced. If we regard the tragedy as a conflict between the party of conspirators and the party of Caesar, we see that the movement which culminates in the assassination deals with the triumph of the former; while in the second part, the friends of Caesar, deprived of his presence but animated by his spirit, avenge his death on his murderers. This final triumph of Caesar's faction, the acknowledgement by Brutus that it is the spirit of Caesar that brings disaster on the conspirators, and the obvious advertising value of the name of Caesar in a title, seem sufficient to answer the much debated question as to why Shakspere called the play *Julius Caesar* and not *Marcus Brutus*.

The admirably conceived contrasts of character, and the elaboration of these from Plutarch's hints, should give rise to suggestive discussion, oral or written. The play as a whole, while not reaching the pitch of intensity in feeling and expression of the greatest of Shakspere's trag-

edies, is less concentrated and difficult in style than, for example, *Hamlet* or *Lear*, while its rhetorical brilliance easily arouses the enthusiasm of even the younger students.

Attention might profitably be drawn to the political significance of the play. The hopelessness of curing national degeneracy by the removal of any one man, and the total failure of the populace to see the aim of the conspirators' action, are most pointedly expressed in the shout of the Third Citizen after the republican speech of Brutus,—"Let him be Caesar."

For further details on the life and works of Shakspere, the following may be referred to: Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* and *Shakspere, His Mind and Art;* Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare; William Shakspere*, by Barrett Wendell; *Shakspere and His Predecessors*, by F. S. Boas. The most exhaustive account of the English Drama is the new three-volume edition of A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature.* Both this work and that of Sidney Lee are rich in bibliographical information. For questions of language and grammar, see A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon;* J. Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare;* E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar;* and, for philological commentary on the present play in particular, Rolfe's edition of Craik's *English of Shakespeare.* For general questions of dramatic construction, see Gustav Frey-

tag's *Technik des Dramas*, translated into English by E. J. MacEwan, and Dr. Elisabeth Woodbridge's *The Drama, its Law and its Technique.*

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INTRODUCTION.

I. SHAKSPERE AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

The wonderful rapidity of the development of the English drama in the last quarter of the sixteenth century stands in striking contrast to the slowness of its growth before that period. The religious drama, out of which the modern dramatic forms were to spring, had dragged through centuries with comparatively little change, and was still alive when, in 1576, the first theatre was built in London. By 1600 Shakspere had written more than half his plays and stood completely master of the art which he brought to a pitch unsurpassed in any age. Much of this extraordinary later progress was due to contemporary causes; but there entered into it also certain other elements which can be understood only in the light of the attempts that had been made in the three or four preceding centuries.

The Drama before Shakspere.

In England, as in Greece, the drama sprang from religious ceremonial. The Mass, the centre of the public worship of the Roman church, contained dramatic material in the gestures of the officiating priests, in the narratives contained in the Lessons, and in the responsive singing and chant-

ing. Latin, the language in which the services were conducted, was unintelligible to the mass of the people, and as early as the fifth century the clergy had begun to use such devices as *tableaux vivants* of scenes like the marriage in Cana and the Adoration of the Magi to make comprehensible important events in Bible history. Later, the Easter services were illuminated by representations of the scene at the sepulchre on the morning of the Resurrection, in which a wooden, and afterwards a stone, structure was used for the tomb itself, and the dialogue was chanted by different speakers representing respectively the angel, the disciples, and the women. From such beginnings as this there gradually evolved the earliest forms of the MIRACLE PLAY.

As the presentations became more elaborate, the place of performance was moved first to the churchyard, then to the fields, and finally to the streets and open spaces of the towns. With this change of locality went a change in the language and in the actors, and an extension of the field from which the subjects were chosen. Latin gave way to the vernacular, and the priests to laymen; and miracle plays representing the lives of patron saints were given by schools, trade gilds, and other lay institutions. A further development appeared when, instead of single plays, whole series such as the extant York, Chester, and Coventry cycles were given, dealing in chrono-

logical order with the most important events in Bible history from the Creation to the Day of Judgment.

The stage used for the miracle play as thus developed was a platform mounted on wheels, which was moved from space to space through the streets. Each trade undertook one or more plays, and, when possible, these were allotted with reference to the nature of the particular trade. Thus the play representing the visit of the Magi bearing gifts to the infant Christ was given to the goldsmiths, and the Building of the Ark to the carpenters. The costumes were conventional and frequently grotesque. Judas always wore red hair and a red beard; Herod appeared as a fierce Saracen; the devil had a terrifying mask and a tail; and divine personages wore gilt hair.

Meanwhile the attitude of the church towards these performances had changed. Priests were forbidden to take part in them, and as early as the fourteenth century we find sermons directed against them. The secular management had a more important result in the introduction of comic elements. Figures such as Noah's wife and Herod became frankly farcical, and whole episodes drawn from contemporary life and full of local color were invented, in which the original aim of edification was displaced by an explicit attempt at pure entertainment. Most of these features were characteristic of the religious drama in gen-

eral throughout Western Europe. But the local and contemporary elements naturally tended to become national; and in England we find in these humorous episodes the beginnings of native comedy.

Long before the miracle plays had reached their height, the next stage in the development of the drama had begun. Even in very early performances there had appeared, among the *dramatis personae* drawn from the Scriptures, personifications of abstract qualities such as Righteousness, Peace, Mercy, and Truth. In the fifteenth century this allegorical tendency, which was prevalent also in the non-dramatic literature of the age, resulted in the rise of another kind of play, the MORALITY, in which all the characters were personifications, and in which the aim, at first the teaching of moral lessons, later became frequently satirical. Thus the most powerful of all the Moralities, Sir David Lindesay's *Satire of the Three Estates*, is a direct attack upon the corruption in the church just before the Reformation.

The advance implied in the Morality consisted not so much in any increase in the vitality of the characters or in the interest of the plot (in both of which, indeed, there was usually a falling off), as in the fact that in it the drama had freed itself from the bondage of having to choose its subject matter from one set of sources—the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Lives of the Saints.

This freedom was shared by the INTERLUDE, a form not always to be distinguished from the Morality, but one in which the tendency was to substitute for personified abstractions actual social types such as the Priest, the Pardoner, or the Palmer. A feature of both forms was the Vice, a humorous character who appeared under the various disguises of Hypocrisy, Fraud, and the like, and whose function it was to make fun, chiefly at the expense of the Devil. The Vice is historically important as having bequeathed some of his characteristics to the Fool of the later drama.

John Heywood, the most important writer of Interludes, lived well into the reign of Elizabeth, and even the miracle play persisted into the reign of her successor in the seventeenth century. But long before it finally disappeared it had become a mere medieval survival. A new England had meantime come into being and new forces were at work, manifesting themselves in a dramatic literature infinitely beyond anything even suggested by the crude forms which have been described.

The great European intellectual movement known as the Renaissance had at last reached England, and it brought with it materials for an unparalleled advance in all the living forms of literature. Italy and the classics, especially, supplied literary models and material. Not only

were translations from these sources abundant, but Italian players visited England, and performed before Queen Elizabeth. France and Spain, as well as Italy, flooded the literary market with collections of tales, from which, both in the original languages and in such translations as are found in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (published 1566-67), the dramatists drew materials for their plots.

These literary conditions, however, did not do much beyond offering a means of expression. For a movement so magnificent in scale as that which produced the Elizabethan Drama, something is needed besides models and material. In the present instance this something is to be found in the state of exaltation which characterized the spirit of the English people in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Politically, the nation was at last one after the protracted divisions of the Reformation, and its pride was stimulated by its success in the fight with Spain. Intellectually, it was sharing with the rest of Europe the exhilaration of the Renaissance. New lines of action in all parts of the world, new lines of thought in all departments of scholarship and speculation, were opening up; and the whole land was throbbing with life.

In its very beginnings the new movement in England showed signs of that combination of native tradition and foreign influence which was to char-

acterize it throughout. The first regular English comedy, Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* was an adaptation of the plot of the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus to contemporary English life. After a short period of experiment by amateurs working chiefly under the influence of Seneca, we come on a band of professional playwrights who not only prepared the way for Shakspere, but in some instances produced works of great intrinsic worth. The mythological dramas of Lyly with the bright repartee of their prose dialogue and the music of their occasional lyrics, the interesting experiments of Greene and Peele, and the horrors of the tragedy of Kyd, are all full of suggestions of what was to come. But by far the greatest of Shakspere's forerunners was Christopher Marlowe, who not only has the credit of fixing blank verse as the future poetic medium for English tragedy, but who in his plays from *Tamburlaine* to *Edward II.* contributed to the list of the great permanent masterpieces of the English drama.

Shakspere's Early Life.

It was in the professional society of these men that Shakspere found himself when he came to London. Born in the provincial town of Stratford-on-Avon in the heart of England, he was baptized on April 26, 1564 (May 6th, according to our reckoning). The exact day of his birth is unknown. His father was John Shakspere, a fairly prosperous tradesman, who may be supposed

to have followed the custom of his class in educating his son. If this were so, William would be sent to the Grammar School, already able to read, when he was seven, and there he would be set to work on Latin Grammar, followed by reading, up to the fourth year, in Cato's *Maxims*, Aesop's *Fables*, and parts of Ovid, Cicero, and the medieval poet Mantuanus. If he continued through the fifth and sixth years, he would read parts of Vergil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, and the Satirists. Greek was not usually taught in the Grammar Schools. Whether he went through this course or not we have no means of knowing, except the evidence afforded by the use of the classics in his works, and the famous dictum of his friend, Ben Jonson, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." What we are sure of is that he was a boy with remarkable acuteness of observation, who used his chances for picking up facts of all kinds; for only thus could he have accumulated the fund of information which he put to such a variety of uses in his writings.

Throughout the poet's boyhood the fortunes of John Shakspere kept improving until he reached the position of High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford. When William was about thirteen, however, his father began to meet with reverses, and these are conjectured to have led to the boy's being taken from school early and set to work. What business he was taught we do not know, and indeed we

have little more information about him till the date of his marriage in November, 1582, to Anne Hathaway, a woman from a neighboring village, who was seven years his senior. Concerning his occupations in the years immediately preceding and succeeding his marriage several traditions have come down,—of his having been apprenticed as a butcher, of his having taken part in poaching expeditions, and the like—but none of these is based upon sufficient evidence. About 1585 he left Stratford, and probably by the next year he had found his way to London.

How soon and in what capacity he first became attached to the theatres we are again unable to say, but by 1592 he had certainly been engaged in theatrical affairs long enough to give some occasion for the jealous outburst of a rival playwright, Robert Greene, who, in a pamphlet posthumously published in that year, accused him of plagiarism. Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's pamphlet, shortly after apologized for his connection with the charge, and bore witness to Shakspere's honorable reputation as a man and to his skill both as an actor and a dramatist.

Robert Greene, who thus supplies us with the earliest extant indications of his rival's presence in London, was in many ways a typical figure among the playwrights with whom Shakspere worked during this early period. A member of both universities, Greene came to the metropolis while

yet a young man, and there led a life of the most diversified literary activity, varied with bouts of the wildest debauchery. He was a writer of satirical and controversial pamphlets, of romantic tales, of elegiac, pastoral, and lyric poetry, a translator, a dramatist,—in fact, a literary jack-of-all-trades. The society in which he lived consisted in part of "University Wits" like himself, in part of the low men and women who haunted the vile taverns of the slums to prey upon such as he. "A world of blackguardism dashed with genius," it has been called, and the phrase is fit enough. Among such surroundings Greene lived, and among them he died, bankrupt in body and estate, the victim of his own ill-governed passions.

In conjunction with such men as this Shakspere began his life-work. His first dramatic efforts were made in revising the plays of his predecessors with a view to their revival on the stage; and in *Titus Andronicus* and the first part of *Henry VI.* we have examples of this kind of work. The next step was probably the production of plays in collaboration with other writers, and to this practice, which he almost abandoned in the middle of his career, he seems to have returned in his later years in such plays as *Pericles*, *Henry VIII.*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. How far Shakspere was of this dissolute set to which his fellow-workers belonged it is impossible to tell; but we know that by and by, as he gained mastery

over his art and became more and more independent in work and in fortune, he left this sordid life behind him, and aimed at the establishment of a family. In half a dozen years from the time of Greene's attack, he had reached the top of his profession, was a sharer in the profits of his theatre, and had invested his savings in land and houses in his native town. The youth who ten years before had left Stratford poor and burdened with a wife and three children, had now become "William Shakspere, Gentleman."

During these years Shakspere's literary work was not confined to the drama, which, indeed, was then hardly regarded as a form of literature. In 1593 he published *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, *Lucrece*, two poems belonging to a class of highly wrought versions of classical legends which was then fashionable, and of which Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* is the other most famous example. For several years, too, in the last decade of the sixteenth century and the first few years of the seventeenth, he was composing a series of sonnets on love and friendship, in this, too, following a literary fashion of the time. Yet these give us more in the way of self-revelation than anything else he has left. From them we seem to be able to catch glimpses of his attitude towards his profession, and one of them makes us realize so vividly his perception of the tragic risks of his surroundings that it is set down here:

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renewed;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

It does not seem possible to avoid the inferences lying on the surface in this poem; but whatever confessions it may imply, it serves, too, to give us the assurance that Shakspere did not easily and blindly yield to the temptations that surrounded the life of the theatre of his time.

The Elizabethan Theatre.

For the theatre of Shakspere's day was no very reputable affair. Externally it appears to us now a very meagre apparatus—almost absurdly so, when we reflect on the grandeur of the compositions for which it gave occasion. A roughly circular wooden building, with a roof over the stage and over the galleries, but with the pit often open to the wind and weather, having very little scenery and practically no attempt at the achievement of stage-illusion,—such was the scene of the production of some of the greatest

imaginative works the world has seen. Nor was the audience very choice. The more respectable citizens of Puritan tendencies frowned on the theatre to such an extent that it was found advisable to place the buildings outside the city limits, and beyond the jurisdiction of the city fathers. The pit was thronged with a motley crowd of petty tradesfolk and the dregs of the town; the gallants of the time sat on stools on the stage, "drinking" tobacco and chaffing the actors, their efforts divided between displaying their wit and their clothes. The actors were all male, the women's parts being taken by boys whose voices were not yet broken. The costumes, frequently the cast-off clothing of the gallants, were often gorgeous, but seldom appropriate. Thus the success of the performance had to depend upon the excellence of the piece, the merit of the acting, and the readiness of appreciation of the audience.

This last point, however, was more to be relied upon than a modern student might imagine. Despite their dubious respectability, the Elizabethan play-goers must have been of wonderfully keen intellectual susceptibilities. For clever feats in the manipulation of language, for puns, happy alliterations, delicate melody such as we find in the lyrics of the times, for the thunder of the pentameter as it rolls through the tragedies of Marlowe, they had a practiced taste. Qualities which we now expect to appeal chiefly to the

closet student were keenly relished by men who could neither read nor write, and who at the same time enjoyed jokes which would be too broad, and stage massacres which would be too bloody, for a modern audience of sensibilities much less acute in these other directions. In it all we see how far-reaching was the wonderful vitality of the time.

Shakspere's Dramatic Development.

This audience Shakspere knew thoroughly, and in his writing he showed himself always, with whatever growth in permanent artistic qualities, the clever man of business with his eye on the market. Thus we can trace throughout the course of his production two main lines: one indicative of the changes of theatrical fashions; one, more subtle and more liable to misinterpretation, showing the progress of his own spiritual growth.

The chronology of Shakspere's plays will probably never be made out with complete assurance, but already much has been ascertained (1) from external evidence such as dates of acting or publication, and allusions in other works, and (2) from internal evidence such as references to books or events of known date, and considerations of metre and language. The following arrangement represents what is probably an approximately correct view of the chronological sequence of his works, though scholars are far from being agreed upon many of the details.

	COMEDIES.	HISTORIES.	TRAGEDIES.
1590–93..	Love's Labor's Lost	.....	..... [1596, 97)
	Two Gentlemen of Verona..	.....	Romeo and Juliet (revised about
	Comedy of Errors	1. 2. 3. Henry VI.	Titus Andronicus
	.....	Richard III.....	.....
	.....	Richard II.....	.....
1594, 95..	Merchant of Venice	King John	.....
	Midsummer Night's Dream	.....	.....
	All's Well that Ends Well.	.....	.....
1596–98..	Taming of the Shrew.....	1. 2. Henry IV..	.....
	Merry Wives of Windsor ..	Henry V.	.....
1599, 1600	Much Ado about Nothing..	.....	.....
	As You Like It.....	.....	.....
	Twelfth Night	.....	.....
1601.....		.....	Julius Caesar
1602.....		.....	Hamlet
1603.....	Troilus and Cressida.....	.....	.....
1604.....	Measure for Measure.....	.....	Othello
1605, 6...	.....	.....	Macbeth
	.....	.....	King Lear
1607.....	Pericles.....	.....	Timon of Athens
1608.....		.....	Antony and Cleopatra
1609.....		.....	Coriolanus
1610, 11..	Cymbeline	.....	.....
	Winter's Tale	.....	.....
	Tempest	.....	.....
1612, 13....	Two Noble Kinsmen.....	Henry VIII.....	.....

The first of these groups contains three comedies of a distinctly experimental character, and a number of chronicle-histories, some of which, like the three parts of *Henry VI.*, were almost certainly written in collaboration with other playwrights. The comedies are light, full of ingenious plays on words, and the verse is often rhymed. The first of them, at least, shows the influence of Lyly. The histories also betray a considerable delight in language for its own sake, and the Marlowesque blank verse, at its best eloquent and highly poetical, not infrequently becomes ranting, while the pause at the end of each line tends to become monotonous. No copy of *Romeo and Juliet* in its earliest form is known to be in existence, and the extent of Shakspere's share in *Titus Andronicus* is still debated.

The second period contains a group of comedies marked by brilliance in the dialogue; wholesomeness, capacity, and high spirits in the main characters, and a pervading feeling of good-humor. The histories contain a larger comic element than in the first period, and are no longer suggestive of Marlowe. Rhymes have become less frequent, and the blank verse has freed itself from the bondage of the end-stopped line.

The plays of the third period are tragedies, or comedies with a prevailing tragic tone. Shakspere here turned his attention to those elements in life which produce perplexity and disaster, and

in this series of masterpieces we have his most magnificent achievement. His power of perfect adaptation of language to thought and feeling had now reached its height, and his verse had become thoroughly flexible without having lost strength.

In the fourth period Shakspere returned to comedy. These plays, written during his last years in London, are again romantic in subject and treatment, and technically seem to show the influence of the earlier successes of Beaumont and Fletcher. But in place of the high spirits which characterized the comedies of the earlier periods we have a placid optimism, and a recurrence of situations which are more ingenious than plausible, and which are marked externally by reunions and reconciliations and internally by repentance and forgiveness. The verse is singularly sweet and highly poetical; and the departure from the end-stopped line has now gone so far that we see clearly the beginnings of that tendency which went to such an extreme in some of Shakspere's successors that it at times became hard to distinguish the metre at all.

In *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.*, Shakspere again worked in partnership, the collaborator being, in all probability, John Fletcher.

Nothing that we know of Shakspere's life from external sources justifies us in saying, as has frequently been said, that the changes of mood in

his work from period to period corresponded to changes in the man Shakspere. As an artist he certainly seems to have viewed life now in this light, now in that; but it is worth noting that the period of his gloomiest plays coincides with the period of his greatest worldly prosperity. It has already been hinted, too, that much of his change of manner and subject was dictated by the variations of theatrical fashion and the example of successful contemporaries.

Shakspere's Last Years.

Throughout nearly the whole of these marvelously fertile years Shakspere seems to have stayed in London; but from 1610 to 1612 he was making Stratford more and more his place of abode, and at the same time he was beginning to write less. After 1611 he wrote only in collaboration; and having spent about five years in peaceful retirement in the town from which he had set out a penniless youth, and to which he returned a man of reputation and fortune, he died on April 23, 1616. His only son, Hamnet, having died in boyhood, of his immediate family there survived him his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both of whom were well married. He lies buried in the parish church of Stratford.

II. *JULIUS CAESAR.*

Date.

The date of *Julius Caesar* may, with a fair amount of assurance, be fixed as 1601. The argument against an earlier date, apart from the general relation of the play to Shakspere's tragic period, is based by Mr. Aldis Wright on the use of the word "eternal," in I. ii. 160. In 1600 Shakspere was still using "infernal" in such passages, but after that date he substituted "eternal," apparently out of deference to the Puritan agitation which culminated in legislation against profanity and other abuses on the stage. Other examples of this substitution occur in *Hamlet*, I. v. 21, and *Othello*, IV. ii. 130.

The later limit is fixed by the following passage in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs* (published 1601), first noted by Halliwell-Phillipps:

> The many headed multitude were drawn
> By Brutus speech, that Caesar was ambitious,
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?

As the speech put into the mouth of Antony in the play is Shakspere's invention, and as the argument of that speech is referred to here, it is evident that the play cannot be later than 1601. It is thus the first of the series of great tragedies which constituted the chief production of Shaks-

pere's third period, and which were written when he had achieved complete mastery of all the instruments of expression, when his verse, his diction, and his powers of characterization and dramatic construction were at their best, and when he was using them to deal with the problems of life seriously and profoundly.

Source of the Text.

This play, like many others of Shakspere's, seems to have remained unpublished during his lifetime, and to have appeared in print first in the earliest collected edition of his works issued in 1623 by the two actors, Heminge and Condell. This volume is usually known as the "First Folio," and from it the present text is taken, with a few alterations drawn from the later Folios and from the suggestions of modern editors.

Source of the Plot.

The history of Julius Caesar had been treated on the Elizabethan stage before Shakspere wrote his tragedy, but there is no trace of his having made use of any earlier play. He took his subject-matter entirely from Plutarch's lives of Caesar, Brutus, and Antony. These formed part of the admirable series of biographies of the great men of antiquity which Plutarch wrote in the first century A.D., and which were translated from Greek into French by Jacques Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre, in 1559. This French version was in turn put into English by Sir Thomas

North and published in 1579, and North's version was that used by Shakspere.

The structure of the play is entirely Shakspere's, and many of the finest passages, from the points of view of both characterization and style, are purely the product of his imagination. But there remains an astonishingly large portion of the play in which the language of North is merely turned into blank verse; and much that has puzzled critics in the unheroic character of Caesar himself finds its explanation in the text of Plutarch.

Shakspere's general method of handling his source may be gathered from a comparison of the following extract with the corresponding passages in the drama:

For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Caesar self also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore there was a certain soothsayer that had given Caesar warning long time afore,

to take heed of the day of the Ides of March, (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Caesar going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, "the Ides of March be come": "so they be," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past." [1]

It will be observed that this material is used by Shakspere in four distinct places. The first-mentioned omens are described by Casca in I. iii. 9ff. The omen of the sacrificial beast without a heart is reported to Caesar by a servant in II. ii. 39, 40. The soothsayer appears in I. ii. 12-24 and III. i. 1, 2. In each case the narrative is thrown into drama, and the style is made more vivid.

How closely at times Shakspere follows his original may be gathered from a comparison such as this:

So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither? The spirit answered him, "I am thy evil spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes." Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: "Well, then I shall see thee again."—*Shakespeare's Plutarch*, p. 136.

Bru. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why comest thou?

[1] *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, edited by W. W. Skeat, London and New York, 1892, pp. 97, 98.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.
—*Julius Caesar*, IV. iii. 279-287.

The translation of prose into blank verse dialogue could hardly be made with less change.

From the table of comparisons between the play and the corresponding passages in North's *Plutarch* which will be found on pp. 42-44, one can see at a glance the method of selection and rearrangement, and can note the passages which are entirely of Shakspere's invention. Thus the characters of Casca and Lepidus are hardly hinted at by Plutarch, while the boy Lucius, the soliloquy in which the workings of the mind of Brutus are laid bare, the scene in his orchard, the scene in which the conspirators bathe their arms in Caesar's blood, and the soliloquy of Antony over Caesar's dead body, are all wholly Shakspere's. Further, the speeches of Antony and Brutus at Caesar's funeral are elaborated from the slightest hints.

Metre.

Julius Caesar is written in the blank verse which, since Marlowe, had been the standard metre of the English drama. The few prose passages in the play occur in pieces of homely dialogue and in the laconic speech of Brutus to the citizens. The normal type of the blank verse has five iambic feet, that is, ten syllables with the accent falling

on the even syllables. From this regular form, however, Shakspere deviates with great freedom, the commonest variations being the following:

1. The addition of an eleventh syllable; *e.g.*,

Which give | some soil | perhaps | to my | behav | *iours*, I. ii. 42.

Then, Bru | tus, I | have much | mistook | your pas | *sion*, I. ii. 48.

And be | not jeal | ous on | me, gen | tle Bru | *tus*, I. ii. 71.

Occasionally this extra syllable occurs in the middle of the line, at the main pause known as the caesura, which is most frequent after the third foot; *e.g.*,

The melt | ing spirits | of wom | *en*, ‖ then, coun | try men | , II. i. 122.

Brutus | and Cae | *sar* ‖ : what should | be in | that. "Cae | *sar*," I. ii. 142.

2. Frequently what seems an extra syllable is to be slurred in reading; *e.g.*, "spirits" in the line quoted above is a monosyllable. So

Being crossed | in con | *ference* by | some sen | ators | , I. ii. 188.

where "Being" is monosyllabic and "conference" dissyllabic. So also "whether" is a monosyllable in

See, whether | their bas | est met | al be | not moved | , I. i. 65.

Whether Cae | sar will | come forth | to-day | , or no | , II. i. 194.

Similarly "Either" is a monosyllable in

Either led | or driv | en, as | we point | the way |, IV. i. 23.

In some lines it is doubtful whether a syllable is to be slurred or sounded as a light extra syllable, as, *e.g.*, "together" in

Write them | together |, yours is | as fair | a name |, I. ii. 144.

3. Sometimes an emphatic syllable stands alone as a foot, without an unaccented syllable; *e.g.*,

Speak |, *strike* |, redress | ! Am I | entreat | ed, II. i. 55.

4. Short lines, lacking one or more feet, occur; *e.g.*,

Made in his concave shores, I. i. 51.
For that which is not in me, I. ii. 65.

5. Long lines of twelve or thirteen syllables occur; *e.g.*,

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber, I. ii. 114.
None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance, II. iv. 32.
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy, II. i. 81.

Usually in such lines some words bearing the metrical accent are quite unemphatic in reading, as in the fourth foot of the first example.

6. Frequently, especially in the first foot, a trochee is substituted for an iambus, *i.e.*, the

accent falls on the odd instead of the even syllable; *e.g.*,

Being | mechanical, you ought not walk, I. i. 3.

Therefore | , good Brutus, be prepared to hear, I. ii. 66.

When went there by an age | since the | great flood, I. ii. 152.

Till then, my noble friend, | chew up | on this, I. ii. 171.

It must be remembered, however, that some words have changed their pronunciation since Shakspere's time. Thus "compact" was usually accented on the last syllable, as in the following line,

But what *compact* mean you to have with us, III. i. 216.

Again, from

Even at the base of Pompey's statuë, III. ii. 198,

we see that "statue" was sometimes trisyllabic, and from

Fearing to strengthen that impati-ence, II. i. 248,

that "impatience" had four syllables.

Language.

Although differences between the language of Shakspere and that of our own day are obvious to the most casual reader, there is a risk that the student may underestimate the extent of these differences, and, assuming that similarity of form implies identity of meaning, miss the true interpretation. The most important instances of change of meaning are explained in the notes; but a

clearer view of the nature and extent of the contrast between the language of *Julius Caesar* and modern English will be gained by a classification of the most frequent features of this contrast. Some of the Shakspereah usages are merely results of the carelessness and freedom which the more elastic standards of the Elizabethan time permitted; others are forms of expression at that time quite accurate, but now become obsolete.

(1.) NOUNS. (*a*) Shakspere frequently uses an abstract noun with "of" where modern English has an adjective. Thus in *Hamlet*, I. ii. 4, "brow of woe" = woful brow, and in *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 77, "mouse of virtue" = virtuous mouse. So in *Julius Caesar*, I. ii. 109, "hearts of controversy" = controversial feelings; and in I. ii. 40, "passions of some difference" = conflicting passions. Conversely in IV. ii. 16, "familiar instances" = instances of familiarity.

(*b*) Abstract nouns are often used in the plural; *e.g.*, "behaviours," I. ii. 42.

(2.) ADJECTIVES. Double superlatives occur; *e.g.*, "most unkindest," III. ii. 193; "most boldest," III. i. 122.

(3.) PRONOUNS. (*a*) The nominative is often used for the objective, especially after prepositions; *e.g.*, "save I," III. ii. 70; "save only he," V. v. 69; "but we," III. i. 96.

(*b*) The possessive "its" did not come into common use until after the middle of the seven-

teenth century, and in Shakspere, as in other early writers, we have "his"; *e.g.*, "And that same eye . . . Did lose *his* lustre," I. ii. 123, 4.

(*c*) Confusion between the personal and reflexive forms is common ; *e.g.*, "Submitting *me* unto the perilous night," I. iii. 47; "Here is *himself*," III. ii. 207; "*Myself* have letters," IV. iii. 172.

(*d*) The ethical dative is commoner in Shakspere than in modern speech; *e.g.*, "He plucked *me* ope his doublet," I. ii. 271, 2.

(*e*) The modern distinction among the relative pronouns, *who*, *which*, *that*, *as*, is not observed; *e.g.*, "a lion *who* glared," I. iii. 20; "a lamb That carries anger as the flint bears fire, *Who*, much enforced, shows a hasty spark," IV. iii. 110-112; "That gentleness And show of love *as* I was wont to have," I. ii. 33; "Under these hard conditions *as* this time Is like to lay upon us," I. ii. 174,5; "To such a man *That* is no fleering tell-tale," I. iii. 116-7.

(4.) VERBS. (*a*) A singular verb is often found with a plural subject; *e.g.*, "*Is* Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?" I. iii. 148; "There *is* tears for his love," III. ii. 31; "Three parts of him *Is* ours," I. iii. 154, 5; "There's two or three of us," I. iii. 138. In relative clauses where the relative pronoun refers to "you" used of one person, Shakspere frequently has a singular verb; *e.g.*, "You know that you are Brutus that *speaks* this," IV. iii. 13.

(*b*) Plural verbs occur with singular subjects; *e.g.*, "The posture of your blows *are* yet unknown," V. i. 33, where the irregularity is due to the plural "blows."

(*c*) The "n" is frequently dropped from the ending of the past participle of strong verbs; *e.g.*, "spoke" for "spoken," II. i. 125. When the word thus produced might be mistaken for the infinitive, the form of the past tense is found; *e.g.*, "took" for "taken," I. ii. 48; II. i. 50. Three forms of the past participle of "strike" are found in *Julius Caesar*, *viz.*, "struck," I. ii. 177; "strucken," II. ii. 114; "stricken," II. i. 192.

(*d*) "Be" is sometimes used for "are" in the plural of the present indicative; *e.g.*, "Such men as he *be* never at heart's ease," I. ii. 208.

(*e*) Verbs of motion are at times omitted; *e.g.*, "I'll about and drive away the vulgar," I. i. 73, 4.

(5.) ADVERBS. (*a*) Double negatives are used with a merely intensive force; *e.g.*, "Nor to no Roman else," III. i. 92; "Yet 'twas not a crown neither," I. ii. 239; "Nor nothing in your letters," IV. iii. 184; "No figures nor no fantasies," II. i. 231.

(*b*) The form of the adjective is often used for the adverb; *e.g.*, "This time Is *like* to lay upon us," I. ii. 174, 5; "Every time *gentler* than other," I. ii. 231; "Thou couldst not die more *honourable*," V. i. 60.

(6.) PREPOSITIONS. These are often omitted; *e.g.*, "Worthy note," I. ii. 181; "Arrive the point," I. ii. 110; "Listen great things," IV. i. 41.

COMPARISON OF *JULIUS CAESAR* AND NORTH'S *PLUTARCH*

The italics indicate passages in the plays which are not represented in Plutarch. The page references in the third column are to Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch.*

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JULIUS CAESAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JULIUS CAESAR.
OCTAVIUS CAESAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Caesar.*
CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } *senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius Caesar.*
FLAVIUS *and* MARULLUS, *tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS *of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.*
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, *a poet.* *Another Poet.*
LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } *servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Caesar.*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Rome: the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.*

JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See, whether their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Flourish. Enter Caesar; Antony, for the course· Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Caes. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.
Caes. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Caes. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Ant. Caesar, my lord?
Caes. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchéd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Caesar says "do this," it is perform'd.
Caes. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
[*Flourish.*
Sooth. Caesar!
Caes. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
Caes. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

(Cry "Caesar!" Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Caes. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Caes. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

Caes. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Caes. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. (And this man

Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that
"Caesar"?
Why should that name be sounded more
than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as
well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with
'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as
"Caesar."
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble
bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great
flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one
man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of
Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one
man?

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Caesar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter Caesar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Caes. Antonius!
Ant. Caesar?
Caes. Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.
Caes. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
[*Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and all his Train but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted and clapp'd their chapp'd hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refus'd the crown that it had almost chok'd Caesar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again: but those that understood

him smil'd at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.

The same. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons; they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbracéd, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far

As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter Cinna.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

Rome. Brutus's orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? —that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[*Knocking within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter.
[*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word?
[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,

Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:

And so good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*]
Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Caesar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar, in his night-gown.

Caes. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help! ho! they murther Caesar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Caes. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Caes. Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.
Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Caes. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Caes. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Caes. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:

And Caesar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Caes. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Caes. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Caes. The cause is in my will: I will not come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Caesar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Caes. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Caesar, 't is strucken eight.

Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Caes. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Caes. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust

not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.
[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
[*To herself*] Sure, the boy heard me: [*To Lucius*] Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the Capitol.

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Caes. [*To the Soothsayer.*] The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

Caes. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Caes. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Caesar goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to Caesar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is addressed: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Caes. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*

Caes. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These crouchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Caes. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caes. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world: 't is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Caesar,—

Caes. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar,—

Caes. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Caesar.*

Caes. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter Antony.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—

Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Caesar's body.*

Scene II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:—Not that I lov'd Caesar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that

will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Cit. Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.
Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.
First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Several Cit. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.
Third Cit. You shall have leave.
[*Antony comes down from the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here, [*Lifting Caesar's mantle.*
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Caesar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Caesar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. [*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a servant.

How now, fellow!
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man

directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,

But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.
[*Low march within.*

March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

. . .

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 't is not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!
[*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!
[*Exit Lucius.*

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
[*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Varro and Claudius lie down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a song.*

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [*To Varro.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius; Bid him set on his powers betimes before, And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,

Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*
Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. [*Standing forth.*] My lord?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*
Cas. Messala!
Mes. [*Standing forth.*] What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself,—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience

To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.
[*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathéd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. [*Above.*] Titinius is encloséd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.

Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]
Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.
[*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sol. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sol. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
[*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within*, "Fly, fly, fly!"
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Caesar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus.
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;

He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Clar.—Clarendon Press Edition, by W. Aldis Wright.

G.—Globe Edition of Shakspere. References to other plays of Shakspere's than Julius Caesar are according to this edition.

Plut.—Shakespeare's Plutarch, edited by W. W. Skeat.

ACT I.

I. i. This first scene indicates the existence of the two main forces at work throughout the play, (1) the popularity which is bearing Caesar to the summit of his ambition, and (2) the hatred of the faction of the opposition. It is Shakspere's custom thus to strike the key-note at the outset.

I. i. 3. *Being mechanical.* Being mechanics or artisans.

I. i. 10. *In respect of.* In comparison with.

I. i. 11. *Cobbler.* Originally, a "mender," then "clumsy workman." In Shakspere's English the word has no exclusive reference to shoes; hence the repetition of the question by Marullus.

I. i. 12. *Directly.* Straightforwardly.

I. i. 15. *Soles.* For another instance of this familiar pun, cf. Merchant of Venice, IV. i. 123, 24, "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew, Thou makest thy knife keen."

I. i. 18. *Be not out.* Do not fall out. The sense of the punning phrase in the next line is, of course, "out at heels." The favorite Elizabethan habit of punning is illustrated again in *awl* in ver. 25, and in *recover* in ver. 27, below.

I. i. 28. *Proper.* Originally, "having the qualities appropriate to a man," later, "fine," "handsome."

I. i. 35-55. Cf. Plut., p. 91. "But the triumph he made into Rome for the same [i.e., the victory over Pompey's sons], did as much offend the Romans, and more, than anything

that ever he had done before: because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man of Rome, whom fortune had overthrown." *Triumph* is used in the special Roman sense of the procession and religious ceremonies held in honor of a victorious general on his return to the city after some notable success.

I. i. 41. *Pompey.* The great Roman general who had ultimately been overcome by Caesar at Pharsalia in 48 B. C. He had been the champion of the conservative party in Rome.

I. i. 50. *Replication.* Echo.

I. i. 61. *Sort.* Rank.

I. i. 65. *Whether.* Pronounced "whe'er," a contraction common in earlier English. *Metal.* Used in the metaphorical sense of "spirit," for which the spelling "mettle" is now customary. Cf. I. ii. 307.

I. i. 69. *Ceremonies.* Decorations. Cf. *trophies* in ver. 73, and *scarfs* in I. ii. 295.

I. i. 71. *Feast of Lupercal.* The Lupercalia, a feast celebrated by the Romans on the 15th of February in honor of Lupercus, an old god of shepherds. In later times it was associated with the legend of Romulus and the wolf, and also with the worship of Pan, the Greek god of shepherds. Cf. note on I. ii. 1-9.

I. i. 74. *The vulgar.* The common people.

I. i. 77. *Pitch.* The height to which a falcon could fly.

I. ii. In this second scene the exposition of the situation in Rome is more definite. Caesar himself comes upon the stage surrounded by pomp and flattery, and the nature and danger of the opposition is shown in the conversations of Cassius, Brutus, and Casca.

Stage direction. *Antony, for the course.* Prepared for running the course, undressed. On *course*, see next note.

I. ii. 1-9. Cf. Plut., p. 163. "The manner of this running was thus. On that day there are many young men of noble house, and those specially that be chief officers for that year, who running naked up and down the city, anointed with the oil of olive, for pleasure do strike them they meet in their way with white leather thongs they have in their

hands." The thongs were cut from the hides of goats and dogs sacrificed by the priests of Lupercus. Antony was chief of a new order of these priests.

I. ii. 12. Soothsayer. See Introduction, pp. 31, 32.

I. ii. 18. *Ides of March.* March 15th.

I. ii. 24. Stage direction. *Sennet.* A particular set of notes on a trumpet.

I. ii. 29. *Quick.* Lively. Cf. its use in the sense of "alive" in "the quick and the dead" in the Apostles' Creed.

I. ii. 34. *Show.* Evidence. Cf. I. ii. 47. For the relative *as* see Introduction, p. 38 (e).

I. ii. 35. *Bear . . . a hand.* A figure from horsemanship; to "bear a rein" and so to "treat."

I. ii. 39. *Merely.* Entirely, altogether; an obsolete use. Cf. Tempest, I. i. 59, "We are *merely* cheated of our lives by drunkards."

I. ii. 40. Cf. Introduction, p. 37 (1.) (a).

I. ii. 41. *Only proper.* Belonging exclusively.

I. ii. 42. *Soil.* Stain. *Behaviours.* See Introduction, p. 37 (1.) (b).

I. ii. 44. *Be you one.* Be assured that you are one.

I. ii. 48. *Mistook.* See Introduction, p. 39 (4.) (c). *Passion.* Feelings.

I. ii. 54. *Just.* True.

I. ii. 59. *Where.* Used loosely of occasion rather than of place. *Of the best respect.* Of those most highly esteemed.

I. ii. 62. *Had his eyes.* By strict grammar, *his* refers to Brutus and the phrase means "saw clearly." But Wright prefers to take it as a loose phrase for "had their eyes," meaning "saw himself as these others see him."

I. ii. 69. *Modestly.* Etymologically, "with due measure," "without exaggeration or diminution." Or the idea may be that another man may fittingly enough speak of the qualities on which it would not be modest for Brutus himself to dwell.

I. ii. 71. *Jealous on.* Suspicious of.

I. ii. 72. *Laugher.* Buffoon. The Folios read *laughter*, which may be correct in the sense of "object of laughter."

I. ii. 72, 73. *Did use to stale.* Were used to make stale with too frequent use.

I. ii. 74. *Protester.* One who makes strong profession of friendship.

I. ii. 76. *Scandal.* Slander.

I. ii. 77. *Profess myself.* Supply "a friend."

I. ii. 78. *Rout.* Used contemptuously for "company."

I. ii. 87. *Indifferently.* Without emotion. The general sense of ver. 86-87 seems to be that Brutus will not be disturbed if he has to face the alternatives of honor and death or dishonor and life. The explanation of *indifferently* as "impartially," given by Wright and other editors, is contradicted by ver. 88, 89.

I. ii. 88. *Speed.* Make prosperous.

I. ii. 91. *Favour.* Appearance. Cf. "ill-favored," etc.

I. ii. 95. *Lief.* Pronounce "lieve," to bring out the pun with *live.* [Clar.]

I. ii. 100-115. Shakspere seems to have invented this incident. It may have been suggested by the mention of such feats in swimming as we find attributed to Caesar in Plut., p. 86.

I. ii. 101. *Chafing.* "A play upon the two meanings of 'chafe,' which signifies both 'to rub against' and 'to be angry.'" [Clar.]

I. ii. 109. *Hearts of controversy.* Controversial hearts, opposing courage. See Introduction, p. 37 (1.) (a).

I. ii. 110. *Arrive.* Arrive at. See Introduction, p. 39 (6).

I. ii. 112, 115. Note the repetition of *I.*

I. ii. 114. On the metre of this line see Introduction, p. 35, 5.

I. ii. 119. *Fever.* Plut. (p. 57) records that Caesar was in Spain the first time he was seized with the "falling sickness."

I. ii. 122. The inversion of the prose form of statement here ("the colour fled from his lips") has been taken to suggest the figure of a soldier deserting his colors.

I. ii. 123. *Whose bend.* The direction of whose glance, i.e., whose glance.

I. ii. 124. *His.* Its. See Introduction, p. 37 (3.) (b).

I. ii. 135, 36. *Colossus.* Referring to the bronze statue of Apollo at Rhodes, said to have been seventy cubits high. *Bestride* is used because of the tradition that the figure stood

astride of the mouth of the harbor, so that ships passed between its legs. As a matter of fact, it stood on one side.

I. ii. 142. For the metre, see Introduction, p. 34, 1.

I. ii. 146. *'Em.* This form, which is very common in the writings of some of the Elizabethan dramatists, is derived not from *them*, but from the middle English *hem*. Cf. III. ii. 5.

I. ii. 152. *Great flood.* The deluge of Greek mythology, from which Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha alone survived.

I. ii. 155. *Walls.* The Folios read "walkes" which has been defended as meaning "limits."

I. ii. 156. *Rome.* Shakspere seems to have pronounced this "Room." The same pun occurs in K. John, III. i. 180, "That I have room with Rome to curse a while."

I. ii. 159. *A Brutus once.* The reference is to Lucius Junius Brutus, who was a leader in the expulsion of the Tarquins and the establishment of a republic in Rome. Plutarch says Marcus Brutus claimed descent from him.

I. ii. 160. *Eternal.* For Shakspere's reasons for substituting this word for "infernal," see Introduction, p. 29.

I. ii. 162. *Jealous.* Doubtful, suspicious. Cf. I. ii. 71 and note.

I. ii. 163. *Aim.* Guess.

I. ii. 166. *So.* If, provided that.

I. ii. 171. *Chew.* Meditate, ruminate.

I. ii. 174. *These . . . as.* See Introduction, p. 38 (3.) (e).

I. ii. 177. *But.* Even.

I. ii. 181. *Proceeded.* Happened. *Worthy note.* See Introduction, p. 39 (6).

I. ii. 186. *Ferret . . . eyes.* A ferret has red eyes.

I. ii. 192-95. Cf. Plut., p. 97: "Caesar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'what will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time when Caesar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him: he answered them again, 'As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads,' quoth he, 'I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most,' meaning Brutus and Cassius."

I. ii. 194. *Yond.* An obsolete form of "yon."

I. ii. 197. *Well-given.* Well-disposed.

I. ii. 199. *My name.* The man bearing my name, i.e., I.

I. ii. 204. *He hears no music.* Cf. Merchant of Venice, V. i. 83-88.

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted.

For the frequency of such an opinion in Shakspere's day, cf. Chappell, Old English Popular Music, I. 59: "During the long reign of Elizabeth, music seems to have been in universal cultivation as well as universal esteem. . . . He who felt not, in some degree, its soothing influences, was viewed as a morose, unsocial being, whose converse ought to be shunned and regarded with suspicion and distrust."

I. ii. 208. *Be.* See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (d).

I. ii. 209. *Whiles.* Probably an irregular adverbial genitive of the noun "while." It is preserved with an excrescent "t" in our "whilst."

I. ii. 213. Caesar's deafness is not mentioned by Plutarch, but appears to be imagined by Shakspere.

I. ii. 218. *Sad.* Serious.

I. ii. 221-84. Cf. Plut., pp. 163, 64.

I. ii. 230. *Marry.* Originally an oath by the Virgin Mary.

I. ii. 231. *Gentler.* Adjective for adverb. See Introduction, p. 39, (5.) (b).

I. ii. 239. *Not . . . neither.* See Introduction, p. 39, (5.) (a).

I. ii. 240. *Coronets.* See note on I. ii. 293.

I. ii. 248. *Shouted.* The 1st Folio reads "howted," but, as Wright notes, the cry was one of applause.

I. ii. 253. *Swounded.* Swooned. A similar inserted "d" appears in "sound," "expound," etc. For Caesar's liability to the epilepsy described here, cf. Plut., pp. 57, 89, 95.

I. ii. 261. For the metre see Introduction, p. 34, 1 and 2.

I. ii. 271. *Plucked me ope. Me* is what is known as an ethical dative = "for me." Here it has no definite meaning, but is used merely for vividness. See Introduction, p. 38, (8.) (d). *Ope* is an obsolete form of "open."

I. ii. 272. *Doublet.* See note on I. ii. 293.

I. ii. 273. *An.* If. Cf. ver. 290, below. *A man of any occupation.* An artisan or tradesman like the rest of the crowd Caesar was addressing. Wright thinks that there is also a suggestion of the meaning, "a practical man, a man of business."

I. ii. 293. *Greek to me.* In using this phrase, as in the mention of *doublet* in ver. 272, above, Shakspere was thinking of London rather than of Rome.

I. ii. 295. *Scarfs.* Cf. I. i. 69, and note.

I. ii. 300. *I am promised forth.* I have accepted an invitation to go out.

I. ii. 307. *Quick.* Lively. Cf. I. ii. 29, and note. *Mettle.* Spirit. Cf. I. i. 65 and note, and I. ii. 320 and note.

I. ii. 310. *Tardy.* Slothful.

I. ii. 320. *Metal.* The literal sense of the word is more clearly in the author's mind here than in I. i. 65 or I. ii. 307.

I. ii. 321. *Disposed.* "To" is omitted.

I. ii. 324. *Bear me hard.* Cherish a grudge against me, hate me. Cf. II. i. 215 and III. i. 157.

I. ii. 326. *Humour me.* Win me to his purposes by playing upon my humor.

I. ii. 327. *Hands.* Handwritings. Cf. Plut., p. 97, "Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other, they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the Praetor's seat, where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect: 'Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed.'" Cf. I. iii. 142-46, note, and II. i. 46-50.

I. ii. 329. *Tending to.* Indicating.

I. ii. 332, 33. *Sure . . . endure.* A rhyming couplet frequently marked the exit of an actor or the close of a scene in the Elizabethan drama.

I. iii. Note the effectiveness of the contrast between the superstitious panic of Casca in this scene and his affected cynicism in the previous one. The action in I. ii. took place on February 15th; I. iii. is on the night before March 15th.

I. iii. 1. *Brought.* Escorted.

I. iii. 3 *Sway.* Regular movement.

I. iii. 12. *With.* In their attitude towards.

I. iii. 13. *Destruction.* Note that the metre requires this word to be pronounced with four syllables.

I. iii. 14. *More wonderful.* I.e., than the storm just described.

I. iii. 15-28. For these portents cf. Plut., pp. 97, 98, or see Introduction, p. 31. Cf. also Hamlet, I. i. 113 ff.

I. iii. 20. *Against.* Opposite.

I. iii. 21. *Who.* See Introduction, p. 38 (3.) (e). *Glared.* The folios read *glazed*, which may be a variant form of the same word. Wright quotes evidence of the modern dialect use of *glaze* in the sense of "stare."

I. iii. 23. *Upon a heap.* Into a crowd.

I. iii. 26. *Bird of night.* The owl, whose hooting was regarded as of ill omen.

I. iii. 30. *These.* Such and such. Cf. II. i. 31.

I. iii. 32. *Climate.* Country.

I. iii. 35. *Clean from.* Quite away from.

I. iii. 42. *What night.* What a night!

I. iii. 47. *Me.* See Introduction, p. 38 (3.) (c).

I. iii. 48. *Unbracéd.* With clothes unfastened. Cf. II. i. 262.

I. iii. 49. *Thunder-stone.* The stone or bolt which was supposed to fall with the lightning.

I. iii. 60. *Put on.* Actually suffer, not "pretend to suffer." *In.* Into.

I. iii. 63, 64. After *why*, supply "we see," or some similar phrase.

I. iii. 64. *From quality and kind.* Contrary to their disposition and nature. [Clar.] Cf. *quality* in ver. 68 below.

I. iii. 65. The reading in the text follows the Folios, and seems to be defensible, taken as meaning that all kinds of people are led to speculate about the strange happenings. The common emendation is: "Why old men fool and children calculate."

I. iii. 66. *Their ordinance.* What they are ordained to be.

I. iii. 67. *Prefórmed faculties.* Faculties originally created for special purposes.

I. iii. 68. *Quality.* Nature, kind of thing. Cf. I. iii. 64, and note.

I. iii. 71. *State.* State of affairs.

I. iii. 75. It seems most natural to understand this as a reference to the lion described by Casca in I. iii. 20-22, and to suppose that Shakspere forgot that it was to Cicero, not to Cassius, that Casca had mentioned it. Or we may suppose the prodigy already a matter of common rumor.

I. iii. 81. *Thews.* Muscles.

I. iii. 82. *Woe the while.* Alas for these times!

I. iii. 83. *With.* Shakspere often uses "with" where we should use "by"; e.g., "Marr'd, as you see, *with* traitors," III. ii. 206.

I. iii. 95. "Can forcibly confine spiritual strength."

I. iii. 114. *My answer*, etc. I shall be called on to answer for my words.

I. iii. 117. *Fleering.* Grinning, mocking. For *that*, see Introduction, p. 38, (3.) (e). *Hold, my hand.* Stop, here's my hand on it.

I. iii. 118. *Factious.* Active in organizing a party (without the evil implications of the modern usage).

I. iii. 123. *Undergo.* Undertake.

I. iii. 126. *Pompey's porch.* A porch attached to the theatre built by Pompey on the Campus Martius. Cf. III. i. 12, note.

I. iii. 128. *Complexion of the element.* The aspect of the heavens.

I. iii. 129. *Favour.* Appearance. Cf. I. ii. 91 and note.

I. iii. 135. *Incorporate.* In one body with us, closely united.

I. iii. 138. *There's two*, etc. See Introduction, p. 38, (4.) (a) and cf. I. iii. 148.

I. iii. 142-46. Cf. Plut., p. 112: "But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote: 'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and again, 'that thou wert here among us now!' His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Praetor, was full of such bills: 'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed.'" Cf. I. ii. 327, note.

I. iii. 144. The logical order is, "Where but Brutus may find it."

I. iii. 148, 155. See Introduction, p. 38, (4.) (a).

I. iii. 152. *Pompey's theatre.* Cf. I. iii. 126, note.

I. iii. 157. Cf. Plut., p. 112.

I. iii. 159. *Alchemy.* The old science by which medieval philosophers tried to turn base metals into gold.

I. iii. 162. *Conceited.* Conceived, formed an idea of.

ACT II.

The second act carries on the exposition of the main characters and brings the development of the plot all but to the climax.

II. i. The first scene elaborates still further the character of Brutus, showing him in a variety of relations—to his attendant, to his friends, and to his wife;—and by means of soliloquy, brings out clearly his attitude towards Caesar and the proposed assassination.

II. i. 1. *What.* A mere exclamation, like *when* in ver. 5.

II. i. 13. *General.* The general public, the community.

II. i. 18. *The abuse of greatness.* The evil which greatness is liable to do.

II. i. 19. *Remorse.* Pity (here, as often in Elizabethan English, without the sense of self-reproach for past actions).

II. i. 20. *Affections.* Passions in general. *Swayed.* Governed.

II. i. 21. *Proof.* Experience.

II. i. 23. *Climber upward.* Some editors put a hyphen between these words to bring out more clearly the relation of *upward.*

II. i. 26. *Degrees.* In the literal sense of "steps."

II. i. 28. *Prevent.* The etymological sense of "come before," "anticipate," is still present in the use of the word here. Cf. V. i. 105. *Quarrel.* Cause of complaint.

II. i. 29. *Colour.* Plausible appearance. The general sense is, "Since no plausible complaint can be based on his present conduct, etc."

II. i. 31. *These and these.* Cf. I. iii. 30 and note.

II. i. 35. *Closet.* For the sense in which this word is used. cf. II. i. 7.

II. i. 37. Cf. I. ii. 326-30.

II. i. 40. *Ides.* The Folios read "first," but the context (e.g., ver. 59) shows that this must be a slip.

II. i. 44. *Exhalations.* Meteors.

II. i. 48. I follow Grant White in regarding this line as part of the soliloquy, not as the end of the letter. Brutus takes up the letter phrase by phrase. Cf. ver. 51 and 55.

II. i. 50. *Took.* See Introduction, p. 39 (4.) (c).

II. i. 56. *Thee.* To thee, dative case.

II. i. 59. *Fifteen.* So the Folios. Most editors have followed Theobald in changing this to "fourteen." But it appears from ver. 101-110 and 192, 93 that it is past midnight, and that the fifteenth might be regarded as begun, so that Lucius might easily be supposed to use the phrase in the text though Brutus in ver. 40 spoke of the ides as "tomorrow."

II. i. 64. *Motion.* Motive, impulse.

II. i. 66. *The Genius,* etc. "The reasonable soul and the bodily powers." [Clar.]

II. i. 67. *Man.* The Folios read "a man," which disturbs the metre and is not necessary for the sense.

II. i. 70. *Your brother Cassius.* Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

II. i. 72. *Moe.* The old comparative of "many."

II. i. 73, 74. Wright notes that Shakspere is here thinking of the slouched hat of his own time rather than of the brimless "pileus" of the Romans. Cf. I. ii. 240, 272, 293, and notes.

II. i. 76. *Favour.* Cf. I. ii. 91, note, and I. iii. 129.

II. i. 83. *Path.* If this reading is correct, it must be a verb meaning "walk." Coleridge emended to "put" and omitted the comma, which is found only in the second of the Folios.

II. i. 84. *Erebus.* In Greek mythology, the region of nether darkness between Earth and Hades. It is often used of the lower world in general.

II. i. 104. *Fret.* Mark with ornamental lines.

II. i. 107. *Growing on.* Tending towards, encroaching on. Casca is pointing out that in the early spring the sun

rises to the south of east. The conversation is put in merely to give time to Brutus and Cassius for a whispered conference.

II. i. 108. *Weighing.* Taking into consideration. To what is this participle related?

II. i. 117. *Hence to his idle bed.* Go to his bed and lie there idle.

II. i. 119. *By lottery.* The implication is that the cruelties of the tyrant will be purely capricious and undeserved.

II. i. 125. *Secret.* Having promised secrecy. *Spoke.* See Introduction, p. 39 (4.) (c).

II. i. 129. *Cautelous.* Deceitful. The word *cautel* originally meant merely "caution" but became degraded to "cunning," "deceit."

II. i. 130. *Carrions.* Decaying carcases: used contemptuously of infirm old men.

II. i. 133. *Even.* All on a high level.

II. i. 134. *Insuppressive.* Not to be suppressed. Cf. As You Like It, III. ii. 10, "The fair, the chaste and *unexpressive* she." *Mettle.* Cf. I. i. 65, I. ii. 307, and notes.

II. i. 138. *Guilty . . . bastardy.* Each guilty of an act that dishonors its origin.

II. i. 150. *Break with him.* Tell him of the matter. Cf. the modern sense.

II. i. 156-91. Cf. Plut., p. 119: "All the conspirators, but Brutus, . . . thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyranny: besides also, for that he was in great estimation with soldiers, having been conversant of long time amongst them: and especially having a mind bent to great enterprises, he was also of great authority at that time, being Consul with Caesar. But Brutus would not agree to it. First, for that he said it was not honest: secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him. For he did not mistrust but that Antonius, being a noble-minded and courageous man, (when he should know that Caesar was dead), would willingly help his country to recover her liberty, having them an example unto him to follow their courage and virtue." Cf. also Plut., p. 164.

II. i. 157. *Of him.* In him.

II. i. 158. *Shrewd contriver.* Mischievous schemer.

II. i. 164. *Envy.* Used in the more general sense of "malice." Cf. *envious* in ver. 178, below.

II. i. 166. For the metre, see Introduction, p. 35, 5.

II. i. 169. *Come by.* Get at.

II. i. 171. *Gentle.* In Elizabethan English this word frequently bears the earlier meaning of "well-born," and so "honorable," as here.

II. i. 175. *Subtle.* Working under the surface, dissembling.

II. i. 178. *Envious.* Cf. note on ver. 164, above.

II. i. 187. The 1st Folio has a semi-colon after *himself*. This punctuation, or that adopted in the text, implies the sense, "All the harm he can do is to injure himself, i.e., he can take thought, etc." If the comma or semi-colon after *himself* be removed, *himself* becomes intensive instead of reflexive, and we have a case of the split infinitive. *Take thought.* Become melancholy. This use of *thought* in the sense of "anxiety," "brooding," is common in Shaksperean English. Cf. Hamlet, III. i. 84, 85.

> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

II. i. 188. "And it would be a good thing if he did so."

II. i. 190. *Fear.* Cause of fear.

II. i. 192. *Clock.* Note the anachronism. *Stricken.* See Introduction, p. 39 (4.) (c).

II. i. 194. *Whether.* See Introduction, p. 34, 2.

II. i. 196. *From.* Away from, contrary to. *Main.* Strong, or, perhaps, "general."

II. i. 197. *Ceremonies.* Religious rites. Contrast the use in I. i. 69.

II. i. 198. *Apparent.* Seen by all, and so "undeniable."

II. i. 204. *Unicorns . . . trees.* Unicorns were supposed to be captured by being induced to pursue the hunter, who stepped behind a tree, into which the animal ran his horn and remained fixed.

II. i. 205. *Bears with glasses.* Bears were supposed to be fascinated by mirrors, so that the hunters got an opportunity for deliberate attack.

II. i. 215. *Bear . . . hard.* Hate. Cf. I. ii. 324.

II. i. 218. *By him.* By his house.

II. i. 224. *Fresh and merrily.* Which is the modern idiom, adjective or adverb?

II. i. 225. *Put on.* Wear the appearance of.

II. i. 227. *Formal constancy.* Absence of change in outward form.

II. i. 230. *Honey-heavy dew.* The Folios have "honey-heavy-dew," and Collier, followed by White and others, emended to "heavy honey-dew." The general meaning is clear.

II. i. 231. *Nor no.* See Introduction, p. 39, (5.) (a).

II. i. 233. *Portia.* For this scene with Portia, cf. Plut., p. 115.

II. i. 238. *Stole.* See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (c).

II. i. 246. *Wafture.* Wave.

II. i. 248. *Impatience.* For the metrical value, see Introduction, p. 36.

II. i. 250. *Humour.* A man's temperament or his mood was supposed to be determined by the predominance of one of the four "humours," blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy, which inhabited the body. From this idea of "mood" is derived the sense of "caprice." For another use, cf. ver. 262, below.

II. i. 251. *His.* Its. See Introduction, p. 37, (3.) (b).

II. i. 254. *Condition.* Disposition.

II. i. 255. *Dear my lord.* The transposition is due to the frequent close association of the possessive and the noun. So we have often "good my lord"; in Romeo and Juliet, III. v. 200, "sweet my mother"; and in Troilus and Cressida, V. ii. 109, "poor our sex."

II. ii. 261. *Physical.* Wholesome.

II. i. 262. *Unbraced.* Cf. I. iii. 48. *Humours.* Moisture, dampness.

II. i. 266. *Rheumy.* Causing rheum or catarrh.

II. i. 268. *Sick offense.* Harmful cause of sickness. Cf. "familiar instances" in IV. ii. 16, and see Introduction, p. 37, (1.) (a).

II. i. 271. *Charm.* Conjure.

II. i. 275. *Heavy.* Sad.

II. i. 283. *In sort or limitation.* In a limited way, with restrictions.

II. i. 284. *Keep with.* Live with.

II. i. 285. *In the suburbs.* In the outskirts, not in the heart. It has been suggested that there is a further reference, viz., to the unsavory reputation which the suburbs of London had in Shakspere's time.

II. i. 295. *Cato's daughter.* Marcus Porcius Cato, surnamed Uticensis, a patriot and Stoic philosopher, was one of the most determined opponents of Caesar. He committed suicide at Utica in N. Africa after Caesar's victory at Thapsus in 46 B.C. On this passage cf. Plut., pp. 115-16: "'And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself."

II. i. 299. *Constancy.* Firmness. Cf. II. i. 227 and II. iv. 6.

II. i. 308. *Charactery of.* What is charactered or written on.

II. i. 312. *How?* An exclamation of surprise at the signs of sickness.

II. i. 313. *Vouchsafe.* "Condescend to accept." [Clar.]

II. i. 331. *To whom.* To him to whom. The Folios have a comma after *going*, a punctuation which compels us to give *unfold* a double object, (1) *what it is*, and (2) *to whom it must be done*. *Set on your foot.* This seems to be equivalent to some such colloquialism as "Go ahead."

II. ii. This scene serves to display the character of Caesar, and to advance the plans of the conspirators. In his stress upon Caesar's vanity and arrogance Shakspere follows hints in Plutarch's account of Caesar in the last year of his life. The general impression of Caesar given by Shakspere differs from that given by Plutarch, not so much on account of characteristics invented by Shakspere as because the proportions are changed by the omission of the narrative of Caesar's more heroic days which forms the greater part of the *Life* by Plutarch. It is to be noted

also that the contrast between the character of Brutus as shown in the previous scene and that of Caesar in the present one is emphasized by the contrast of their wives and their respective relations to them.

II. ii. 1. *Have.* See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (b).

II. ii. 5. *Present.* Immediate.

II. ii. 6. *Success.* This word in older English is frequently neutral, implying merely "result." Hence it is often qualified by "good" or "ill."

II. ii. 10. *Shall forth.* See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (e).

II. ii. 13. *Stood on ceremonies.* Put stress on religious signs or omens. Cf. the uses of *ceremonies* in I. i. 69 and II. i. 197.

II. ii. 14-25. See Introduction, p. 31.

II. ii. 16. *Watch.* Wright notes that here again Shakspere is thinking of London rather than of Rome.

II. ii. 20. *Right form of war.* All the regular array of battle.

II. ii. 23. *Did neigh.* The first Folio reads "do neigh," the others, "did neigh." The confusion of tenses may be intentional, to indicate excitement. Note the variety of tenses throughout the speech.

II. ii. 18-24. These omens are referred to by Shakspere again in Hamlet, I. i. 113, ff.:

> In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

For the chronological relation between Julius Caesar and Hamlet, see Introduction, p. 25.

II. ii. 25. *All use.* Which sense of *use* is here employed?

II. ii. 42. *Should be.* Would be. The modern distinction between "should" and "would," "shall" and "will" dates from the seventeenth century, and is not observed by Shakspere.

II. ii. 46. *We are.* The Folios read "We heare," but nearly all modern editors emend to "we are" or "we were."

II. ii. 56. *Humour.* Whim, caprice. Cf. II. i. 250 and note.

II. ii. 73. *Satisfaction.* For metrical purposes this word has here five syllables. Cf. *impatience* in II. i. 248 and see Introduction, p. 36.

II. ii. 76. *Statuë.* If *statue* is dissyllabic, this line is nine-syllabled. But in Richard III., III. vii. 25,

But like dumb statuës or breathing stones,

it has three syllables, and other writers of the time used "statua." Hence editors have here read either "statuë" or "statua." Cf. III. ii. 197.

II. ii. 89. *Tinctures.* It was a custom to preserve as relics handerchiefs tinctured or stained with the blood of noted persons. *Cognizance.* A heraldic term for a badge.

II. ii. 97. *Apt to be rendered.* Easily made.

II. ii. 103. *Proceeding.* Career.

II. ii. 104. *And reason,* etc. My reason (which might have made me hesitate to speak thus) is subject to my affection for you.

II. ii. 114. *Strucken.* See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (c).

II. ii. 121. *Hour's.* The metre requires this word to be dissyllabic here.

II. ii. 129. *Yearns.* Shudders.

II. iii. The chief effect of this short scene is to increase the excitement before the culmination of the conspiracy, by suggesting a possible way of escape for Caesar.

II. iii. 13. *Out of,* etc. Free from envious rivalry.

II. iii. 15. *Contrive.* Conspire.

II. iv. The part of the Soothsayer in this scene serves the same dramatic purpose as that of Artemidorus in the previous one. For the rest, the scene elaborates the character of Portia by exhibiting her wifely anxiety.

II. iv. 6. *Constancy.* Cf. II. i. 227, II. i. 299 and notes.

II. iv. 14. *Sickly.* What part of speech is this?

II. iv. 32. For the metre, see Introduction, p. 35, 5.

ACT III.

In this central act the plot reaches its climax and the counter-plot begins.

III. i. In the first scene the movement is rapid and the speeches short, whispered, and full of suppressed excite-

ment (except the lordly utterances of the unconscious Caesar), up to the moment of the assassination. Then, after a moment of consternation, the action pauses while the chief persons utter themselves on the situation.

III. i. 8. *Us ourself.* This use of the plural is meant to indicate Caesar's assumption of royalty. It is, of course, English, not Roman. *Served.* We might expect a word meaning "attended to," but it is difficult to get clear evidence for this use elsewhere. Wright takes it as meaning, "presented," as in the phrase "serve a summons," and Damon suggests that it is a metaphor from the table.

III. i. 12. *Capitol.* Shakespere evidently implies here, as in Hamlet, III. ii. 108, 109, that the assassination took place in the Capitol, though Plutarch says Caesar was killed in one of the porches about the Theatre of Pompey. It was here that the Senate was sitting, and here stood the statue of Pompey which Shakspere transfers to the Capitol. It will be remembered that in I. iii. 126 Shakspere uses "Pompey's porch" as the meeting place of the conspirators. The stage-directions are modern.

III. i. 18. *Makes to.* Makes for, makes his way towards.

III. i. 19. *Sudden.* Quick.

III. i. 22. *Constant.* Firm. Cf. II. iv. 6 and note.

III. i. 28. *Presently.* At once. Cf. II. ii. 5 and note. *Prefer.* Present.

III. i. 29. *Addressed.* Prepared.

III. i. 30. Is this line strictly grammatical?

III. i. 38. *Pre-ordinance.* About his own decrees Caesar uses language usually associated with divine laws.

III. i. 39. *Law.* Johnson's emendation for "lane," the reading of the Folios. *Of children,* i.e., liable to capricious change. *Fond to think.* So foolish as to think.

III. i. 42. *With.* By. Cf. I. iii. 83 and note.

III. i. 47, 48. Ben Jonson quoted this passage in an altered form and ridiculed it. "Many times he [Shakspere] fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, 'Caesar, thou dost me wrong.' He replied: 'Caesar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like, which were ridiculous." (*Timber,* ed. Schelling, p. 23.) This has

led some editors to emend the text in conformity with Jonson's quotation, but no change seems necessary.

III. i. 51. *Repealing.* Recalling. Cf. *repeal* in ver. 54, above.

III. i. 57. *Enfranchisement.* The rights of a free citizen.

III. i. 59. *Pray to move.* Pray others to change.

III. i. 67. *Apprehensive.* Intelligent.

III. i. 69, 70. *Holds . . . motion.* These words are usually understood to mean "maintains his place, unmoved by any force."

III. i. 77. "*Et tu, Brute!*" This phrase is not found in any of the classical authorities on the death of Caesar, and its source is unknown. "Shakspeare may have taken it from The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, where Edward exclaims to Clarence, 'Et tu, Brute, wilt thou stab Caesar too?'" [Clar.]

III. i. 80. *Common pulpits.* Those in the Forum, from which orators addressed the people.

III. i. 91. *Nor . . . no.* See Introduction, p. 39, (5.) (a).

III. i. 94. *Abide.* Answer for.

III. i. 95. *But we.* See Introduction, p. 37, (3.) (a).

III. i. 100. *Stand upon.* Concern themselves with, put stress upon.

III. i. 101, 2. The Folios give the speech to Casca, but most editors agree in assigning it to Cassius, with whose stoicism it is in accord.

III. i. 115. *Pompey's basis.* On the base of Pompey's statue. Cf. note on III. i. 12.

III. i. 120. See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (e).

III. i. 121. *Most bolden.* See Introduction, p. 37, (2.).

III. i. 131. *Resolved.* Informed.

III. i. 136. *Thorough.* The Shaksperean spelling of "through" when dissyllabic. *Untrod state.* The unexplored road on which we have entered.

III. i. 140. *So please him come.* If it be so that it please him to come. Cf. Cymbeline, IV. ii. 394, "So please you entertain me."

III. i. 142. *Presently.* Cf. III. i. 28 and note.

III. i. 143. "I know that he will be a good friend to our cause."

III. i. 145, 46. *My misgiving*, etc. My fears usually turn out to be only too well founded. *Shrewdly* is originally "wickedly," but here it is merely intensive.

III. i. 152. *Be let blood.* Be bled, i.e., die. *Rank.* Too full-blooded, therefore, "to be bled." There may also be suggested the sense of "too flourishing," "increasing in power too rapidly."

III. i. 157. *Bear me hard.* Bear me a grudge. Cf. 1 ii. 324, II. i. 215, and notes.

III. i. 160. *Apt.* Fit, ready.

III. i. 161. *Mean.* Shakspere uses "means" also.

III. i. 162. *By . . . by.* Note the play upon the two uses of by, (1) of place, (2) of agent.

III. i. 171. *Fire . . . fire.* The first *fire* is dissyllabic.

III. i. 174. *In strength of malice.* This passage has been suspected, and for *malice* editors have substituted "welcome," "amity," etc. But the phrase is parallel to the previous admissions of Brutus implied in "bloody and cruel" and to the contrast drawn above between their hands and their hearts. The general sense is, "Our arms, though their strength has just been manifested in what seems malice, and our hearts in genuine brotherly affection, do receive you."

III. i. 177. *Voice.* Often used in sense of "vote."

III. i. 191. *Credit.* The way in which I am to be estimated, my repute.

III. i. 192. *Conceit.* Conceive of.

III. i. 196. *Dearer.* More intensely. This intensive use of "dear" is frequent in Shakspere. Cf. Hamlet, IV. iii. 43, "We *dearly* grieve"; Richard II., I. iii. 151, "The dateless limit of thy *dear* exile," where "dear" means "keenly felt." The general idea in Shakspere's use of the word is "coming home to one."

III. i. 202. *Close.* Agree. The literal sense is paralleled in the phrase, "to conclude an agreement."

III. i. 204. *Bay'd.* Brought to bay.

III. i. 206. *Sign'd in thy spoil.* Bearing the marks of thy destruction. For this use of *signed*, cf. Henry VIII., II. iv. 108, "you *sign* your place and calling." For *spoil*=ruin, cf. 1 Henry IV., III. iii. 11, "Company, villainous company,

hath been the *spoil* of me." *Lethe.* This is an unsolved puzzle. Some have avoided the difficulty by reading "death." Elsewhere (2 Henry IV., V. ii. 72, Twelfth Night, IV. i. 66) Shakspere uses "Lethe" correctly as the name of the river of oblivion, and White interprets the present passage thus, "crimsoned in the stream which bears thee to oblivion." Others have supposed it to be from the Latin *letum*, death, the "h" being due to confusion with *Lethe*, as it is in the improper form *lethum* and in the English adjective *lethal*.

III. i. 207, 8. *Hart . . . heart.* This pun occurs also in As You Like It, III. ii. 260, and Twelfth Night, IV. i. 63.

III. i. 209. *Strucken.* See Introduction, p. 39 (4.) (c).

III. i. 213. *Modesty.* Moderation.

III. i. 216. *Prick'd.* Marked: from the custom of marking off names by pricking them with a metal point instead of a pen.

III. i. 217. *Shall we on.* See Introduction, p. 39 (4.) (e) and cf. ver. 236 and 291, below.

III. i. 224. *Full of good regard.* "Capable of being placed in a favorable light." [Clar.]

III. i. 228. *Produce.* Exhibit. The use of *to* instead of "in" is probably due to a recollection of the use of the Latin *produco* in the sense of "bring forward."

III. i. 230. *Order of his funeral.* Course of his funeral ceremonies.

III. i. 242. *Wrong.* Harm.

III. i. 243. *Fall.* Befall, happen.

III. i. 268. For this use of *with* for "by" cf. I. iii. 83 and note.

III. i. 271. *Ate.* The Greek goddess of vengeance.

III. i. 273. *Havoc.* Said to be a cry in battle which meant that no quarter was to be given. *Let slip.* I.e., from the leash.

III. i. 283. *Passion.* Grief. Cf. I. ii. 40 and note.

III. i. 289. *Rome.* For the pun, cf. I. ii. 156.

III. i. 294. *Issue.* Result of the action.

III. ii. This scene contains in the oration of Antony the force which sets in motion the return action of the drama. Hitherto, the conspirators have carried everything before

them. In the rest of the play we see Caesar's spirit accomplishing its revenge.

III. ii. 13-70. Cf. Plut., p. 120. "When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehels of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir; yet, being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak, they gave him quiet audience: howbeit, immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murther." Shakspere may have taken the hint for the style of this speech by Brutus from the following: "But for the Greek tongue, they do note in some of his epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedaemonians." Plut., p. 107.

III ii. 14. *Lovers.* Friends. Cf. II. iii. 9, and ver. 54, below.

III. ii. 18. *Censure.* Judge.

III. ii. 31, 32. *There is tears.* See Introduction, p. 38, (4.) (a).

III. ii. 36. *Rude.* Barbarous.

III. ii. 45. *Extenuated.* Made little of.

III. ii. 47. *Enforced.* Exaggerated.

III. ii. 59, 60. Note the dramatic contrast in these two exclamations. The Second Citizen remembers that Brutus is of a family already famous for its hatred of tyrants: the Third Citizen fails entirely to seize the point either of the murder or of Brutus's defense of it, and is ready to transfer his allegiance from one Caesar to another. The whole political moral of the drama, the hopelessness of destroying tyranny while the people are willing to be tyrannized over, is implied in this cry, "Let him be Caesar."

III. ii. 66. *Grace.* Honor.

III. ii. 67. *Tending to.* Cf. I. ii. 329, and note.

III. ii. 70. *Save I.* See Introduction, p. 37, (3.) (a). *Spoke.* See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (c).

III. ii. 74. *Beholding.* An incorrect form of *beholden*, "under obligation."

III. ii. 82 ff. Cf. Plut., p. 121: "Afterwards, when Caesar's body was brought into the market place, Antonius making

his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Caesar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept among the common people." And again, p. 165: "When he saw that the people were very glad and desirous also to hear Caesar spoken of, and his praises uttered, he mingled his oration with lamentable words; and by amplifying of matters did greatly move their hearts and affections unto pity and compassion." It was from such mere hints as these that Shakspere elaborated Antony's speech. Note that while the matter-of-fact speech of Brutus, aimed at the reason of the citizens, is in prose, Antony's appeal to their feelings is in verse.

III. ii. 83. *Bury.* Note the anachronism here, and in ver. 115 below.

III. ii. 98. *General coffers.* Public treasury.

III. ii. 112. *To.* What preposition is used after *withhold* in modern English?

III. ii. 115. *Coffin.* Cf. note on ver. 83 above.

III. ii. 123. *Dear.* See Introduction, p. 39, (5.) (b) and cf. III. i. 196, note. *Abide.* Pay for. Cf. III. i. 95.

III. ii. 137 ff. On Caesar's will, cf. Plut., pp. 102, 121.

III. ii. 142. *Napkins.* Handkerchiefs. This use is still common in Scotland. Cf. II ii. 88, 89, and note.

III. ii. 174. *Hearse.* Bier.

III. ii. 179 ff. *Mantle.* Antony's appeal to the emotions of the crowd through Caesar's mantle and his wounds is based upon Plut., pp. 121, 22, and 165.

III. ii. 182. *The Nervii.* For Caesar's victory over "the Nervians, the stoutest warriors of all the Belgae," see Plut., p. 61.

III. ii. 184. *Envious.* Malicious. Cf. II. i. 164, 178, and notes.

III. ii. 188. *Resolved.* Cf. III. i. 131, and note.

III. ii. 192. *Most unkindest.* See Introduction, p 37, (2).

III. ii. 197. On the metre of this line see Introduction, p. 36, and cf. II. ii. 76 and note.

III. ii. 206. *With.* Cf. I. iii. 83, note.

III. ii. 251. *Drachmas.* A drachma was equal to about twenty cents in nominal value, but had a much greater purchasing power.

III. ii. 268. *Forms.* Benches.

III. ii. 275. *Upon a wish.* As soon as wished for.

III. ii. 279. *Belike.* Probably.

III. iii. The chief function of this scene is to give the effect of Antony's speech by a picture of the wild passion it has stirred up in the mob. The episode of the death of Cinna is from Plut., pp. 102, 103, 122.

III. iii. 2. *Things unluckily*, etc. My imagination is burdened with things that forbode ill-fortune.

III. iii. 12. *You were best.* It were best for you. But by the time of Shakspere the dative *you* had come to be regarded as a nominative, as we see by such analogous phrases as "*I* were best not call," Cymbeline, III. vi. 19.

ACT IV.

In this act we see the two opposing forces preparing for the final struggle. As is often the case in tragedy, the fourth act is the least essential to the action.

IV. i. The first scene introduces us to the triumvirate who lead the party of revenge. Lepidus, the third member of the triumvirate, is mentioned only to be set aside as of no account. Antony and Octavius plan their campaign together.

IV. i. 1. *Prick'd.* Cf. III. i. 216, and note.

IV. i. 4. *Publius.* According to Plutarch, the person alluded to here was Lucius Caesar, Antony's uncle.

IV. i. 6. *Damn.* Condemn to death.

IV. i. 12. *Unmeritable.* Without merit.

IV. i. 16. *Voice.* Cf. III. i. 177, note.

IV. i. 32. *Wind.* Wheel.

IV. i. 34. *In some taste.* To some extent, in a sense.

IV. i. 37. *Abjects.* Things thrown away. *Orts.* Broken fragments. This is Staunton's emendation of the Folio

reading, "objects, arts," which is retained by Craik and others. The sense is understood in much the same way in either case, viz., that Lepidus takes up things and practices which other men have rejected as outworn.

IV. i. 38. *Staled.* Cf. I. ii. 73.

IV. i. 39. *Begin his fashion.* "Are the newest fashion with him." [Clar.]

IV. i. 40. *A property.* A chattel, a piece of the furniture on the stage on which we are the actors.

IV. i. 41. *Listen.* See Introduction, p. 39, (6.).

IV. i. 44. This line is defective. The second Folio reads, "and our best means stretched out."

IV. i. 47. *Answered.* Met.

IV. i. 48, 49. *At the stake,* etc. The figure is from the sport of bear-baiting, in which a bear was tied to a stake and tormented by dogs. Cf. Macbeth, V. vii. 1, 2:

> They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
> But, bear-like, I must fight the course.

IV. ii. This scene merely leads up to the quarrel in IV. iii.

IV. ii. 6. *He greets me well.* His greeting finds me in good health.

IV. ii. 7. *In his own change.* By change in his own feelings towards me. It has been proposed to read "charge" for *change*, with the sense of "by his direct command."

IV. ii. 12. *Full of regard.* Full of qualities worthy of regard.

IV. ii. 14. According to the punctuation in the present text, which here follows the first Folio, we supply "as to" before *How.* Some editors put a colon after *Lucilius* and a comma after *you*, thus making "How he received you" the object of *resolved.* For *resolved*, cf. III. i. 131.

IV. ii. 16. *Familiar instances.* See Introduction, p. 37, (1.) (a).

IV. ii. 23. *Hot at hand.* Restless when reined in.

IV. ii. 26. *Fall.* Used actively in the sense of "lower."

IV. ii. 40. *Sober.* Grave, serious.

IV. ii. 41. *Content.* Self-contained, calm.

IV. ii. 46. *Enlarge.* Enlarge upon, express fully.

IV. ii. 50-52. Craik emended *Lucilius* to "Lucius" in ver. 50, and *Let Lucius* to "Lucilius" in ver. 52. This improves the metre in ver. 50, and represents Brutus as sending Lucius with the message, while the two officers guard the door. Note that it is Lucilius who is on guard at IV. iii. 127, below.

IV. iii. This scene, taken by itself, is perhaps the greatest in the play. The human nature of the two main actors in it is realized with an intensity which Shakspere usually achieves only in his greatest works. On the other hand, as a part of the dramatic action, the scene is much less important. The division between the generals forewarns us of disaster to the army in battle, but otherwise the plot is hardly advanced by it.

IV. iii. 2. *Noted.* Marked for disgrace. The phrase is from Plut., p. 135, "The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had been a Praetor of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them."

IV. iii. 5. *Were.* The first Folio reads "was." *Slighted off.* Set aside without consideration.

IV. iii. 8. *Nice.* Foolish, trivial. *His.* See Introduction, p. 37, (3.) (b), and cf. ver. 16, below.

IV. iii. 10. *To have.* For having. *Itching.* Covetous, as implied in next line.

IV. iii. 13. *Speaks.* See Introduction, p. 38, (4.) (a).

IV. iii. 23. How does this statement agree with the reasons given by Brutus before the assassination?

IV. iii. 28. *Bait.* Many editors change this to "bay," but the change is not necessary.

IV. iii. 30. *Hedge me in.* Hamper me (by criticising and interfering with my actions).

IV. iii. 32. *Conditions.* I.e., under which a campaign should be conducted.

IV. iii. 45. *Observe.* Pay observance or reverence.

IV. iii. 47. *Spleen.* The spleen was considered the seat of the passions.

IV. iii. 73. *Drachmas.* Cf. III. ii. 251 and note.

IV. iii. 75. *Indirection.* Methods that are not straightforward.

IV. iii. 80. *Rascal.* Despicable. *Counters.* Used contemptuously for "coins."

IV. iii. 88. "Brutus does not mean to admit that he is exaggerating, but only that he calls attention to the faults of Cassius when they are practiced upon himself." [Clar.]

IV. iii. 102. *Plutus'.* The Folios read "Pluto's," but the god of wealth is obviously meant.

IV. iii. 109. *Shall be humour.* Shall be regarded as merely caprice. Cf. II. i. 250, note, and IV. iii. 120, 136.

IV. iii. 110. *Are yoked with.* Have the same disposition as.

IV. iii. 115. *Ill-tempered.* With the humors badly tempered or mixed. Cf. II. i. 250, note.

IV. iii. 129 ff. Cf. Plut., p. 134. "This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:

> My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
> For I have seen mo years than suchie three.

Cassius fell a-laughing at him, but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog, and counterfeit Cynic."

IV. iii. 137. *Jigging.* "Jig" was used of a song as well as of the tune and the dance which accompanied it.

IV. iii. 138. *Companion.* Used contemptuously as we often use "fellow."

IV. iii. 152, 53. *Upon.* What preposition would be used here in modern English? Cf. ver. 144, above. *Impatient . . . grief.* Two constructions are confused here, but the sense is clear. The grammatical looseness of the whole passage marks Brutus's strong emotion.

IV. iii. 166. *Call in question.* Discuss.

IV. iii. 184. *Nor nothing.* See Introduction, p. 39, (5.) (a).

IV. iii. 191. Why does Brutus here seem to pretend to hear for the first time of Portia's death?

IV. iii. 195, 96. Cassius means that he also holds the Stoic doctrines, but he cannot so naturally put them in practice.

IV. iii. 198. *Presently.* At once. Cf. III. i. 28, 143.

IV. iii. 202. *Offence.* Harm.

IV. iii. 214. *Under your pardon.* What is the modern idiom?

IV. iii. 225. Twice before the opinion of Brutus had prevailed over that of Cassius—in letting Antony survive Caesar, and in allowing him to address the people. In each case the result was disastrous.

IV. iii. 226. *Along.* See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (e).

IV. iii. 229. *Niggard.* Supply "sparingly."

IV. iii. 231. *Hence.* See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (e).

IV. iii. 242. *Knave.* Used in the literal sense of "boy" without any bad meaning. Cf. ver. 270, below. *O'erwatched.* Tired out with watching.

IV. iii. 276. The presence of a ghost was supposed to make the lights burn blue.

IV. iii. 279. *Upon.* Towards. See Introduction, pp. 32, 33.

IV. iii. 281. *Stare.* Bristle.

IV. iii. 292. *False.* Out of tune.

IV. iii. 308. *Set on.* Cause to advance.

ACT V.

Here the return action, which was begun with Antony's speech in the third act, culminates in the catastrophe of the deaths of the greatest of the conspirators and the overthrow of their army.

V. i. 3. *Regions.* A trisyllable. See Introduction, p. 36.

V. i. 4. *Battles.* Battalions. Cf. ver. 16, below, and V. iii. 108.

V. i. 5. *Warn.* Challenge, summon to fight.

V. i. 7. *Am in their bosoms.* Know their intentions.

V. i. 10. *With fearful bravery.* Wright and others take this to mean "with terrible display, thinking to intimidate by ostentation." But the common Shaksperean use of *fearful* in the sense of "timorous" seems to suit the context better.

V. i. 14. *Bloody sign.* Cf. Plut., p. 139, "The next morning, by break of day, the signal of battle was set out in

Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat."

V. i. 17, 18. This discussion about the leadership of the right and left wings is narrated by Plutarch (p. 140) of Brutus and Cassius, but is transferred by Shakspere to Octavius and Antony.

V. i. 19. *Exigent.* Exigency, critical moment.

V. i. 24, 25. *We will answer . . . forth.* We will meet them when they charge. Go forward.

V. i. 33. *Are.* See Introduction, p. 39, (4.) (b).

V. i. 34. *Hybla.* A town in Sicily noted for its honey. The bees fed on the thyme which grew on the surrounding hills.

V. i. 52. *Up.* Into the sheath.

V. i. 55. Have added another to the list of those slain by the sword of traitors.

V. i. 59. *Strain.* Family, race.

V. i. 60. *Honourable.* See Introduction, p. 39, (5.) (b).

V. i. 61. *Peevish.* Childish. Octavius was only twenty-one.

V. i. 62. On Antony's reputation for gaiety cf. I. ii. 204; II. i. 188, 89; II. ii. 116.

V. i. 66. *Stomachs.* Hearts, courage. Cf. Henry V., IV. iii. 35, 36, "He which hath no *stomach* to this fight, Let him depart."

V. i. 72. *As.* This word is often redundant in Shakspere. Cf. Romeo and Juliet, V. iii. 247, "That he should hither come *as* this dire night."

V. i. 77. *Held Epicurus strong.* Held strongly the doctrines of Epicurus, and so was skeptical about omens and the like. Cf. Plut., pp. 100, 136.

V. i. 80. *Former.* First. Cf. the phrase occurring in earlier writers (e.g., Mandeville and More) "our *former* father Adam," and Chaucer's "*Former* Age."

V. i. 92. *Constantly.* Cf. II. i. 299, III. i. 22, and notes.

V. i. 95. *Lovers.* Cf. III. ii. 14, note.

V. i. 97. *With.* About.

V. i. 101 ff. Brutus answers that he has determined to act by the rule by which he blamed Cato's suicide, i.e., as he says after the parenthesis, *I know . . . of life*, he intends

to await the will of heaven. The ideas thus expressed are inconsistent with Brutus's next speech. One may suppose that the suggestion of the humiliation of a triumph changes his resolution. But Wright has pointed out that in the first speech Shakspere was misled by the bad punctuation of the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch (p. 140). According to the Greek text of Plutarch, Brutus admits that as a young man he blamed Cato; but that now, in the midst of danger, he is of a different opinion.

V. i. 105. *Prevent.* Anticipate.

V. i. 106. *Time.* Period, limit.

V. i. 109. *Triumph.* Cf. I. i. 36-50, note.

V. i. 110. *Thorough.* Cf. III. i. 137, note.

V. ii. 1. *Bills.* Dispatches.

V. iii. 4. *It.* The ensign or standard. In the previous line, *ensign* is used for "standard-bearer," but in V. i. 80 as here for "standard."

V. iii. 18. *Fond.* Cf. I. ii. 194, note.

V. iii. 19. *With a thought.* Cf. "Upon a wish," III. ii. 275 and note.

V. iii. 25. *Compass.* Circular course.

V. iii. 38. *Saving of thy life.* Two interpretations are possible: (1) "When I saved thy life"; (2) "Except for risking thy life, thou shouldst attempt, etc." The former is that usually accepted, and seems to fit the context better.

V. iii. 41, 42. Cf. Plut., p. 103, "For he [Cassius], being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippes, slew himself with the same sword with the which he strake Caesar." *Search.* Probe, pierce.

V. iii. 51. *Change.* Exchange; gain and loss on one side corresponding to loss and gain on the other.

V. iii. 65, 66. *Success.* Good success. Cf. II. ii. 6 and note.

V. iii. 68. *Apt.* Receptive.

V. iii. 96. *Proper.* Merely repeats and emphasizes "own."

V. iii. 101. *Moe.* Cf. II. i. 72, note.

V. iii. 104. *Thasos.* An island off the coast of Thrace. Cf. Plut., p. 144, "So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being unpossible that Rome should ever breed

again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder."

V. iii. 108. *Battles.* Cf. V. i. 4, note.

V. iii. 110. *Second fight.* This second battle was in fact twenty days later.

V. v. 2. *Torch-light.* Cf. Plut., p. 150, "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle: and to know the truth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to go through his enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp: and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch light was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, 'If Statilius be alive, he will come again.' But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain."

V. v. 27. *That our love.* Cf. the modern idiom "that love of ours."

V. v. 28. *It.* Note that the antecedent of *it* is the first part of the compound "sword-hilts."

V. v. 45. *Respect.* Cf. I. ii. 59.

V. v. 46. *Smatch.* Smack.

V. v. 60. *Entertain.* Take into my service.

V. v. 62. *Prefer.* Sometimes used by Shakspere in the sense of "recommend," but here rather "hand over."

V. v. 69. *Save only he.* See Introduction, p. 37, (3.) (a).

V. v. 71, 72. *In a general . . . to all.* With general honorable intentions and for the sake of the common good of all. This free use of prepositions has been frequently exemplified throughout the play. See Word Index for instances.

V. v. It is important to notice the stress laid by Shakspere on the testimony borne by the enemies of Brutus to the latter's honorable character. A mistake in judgment led him to the assassination of Caesar, and the inevitable Nemesis followed in the form of physical disaster. But there was no stain on his conscience, and there is no moral catastrophe as in Macbeth.

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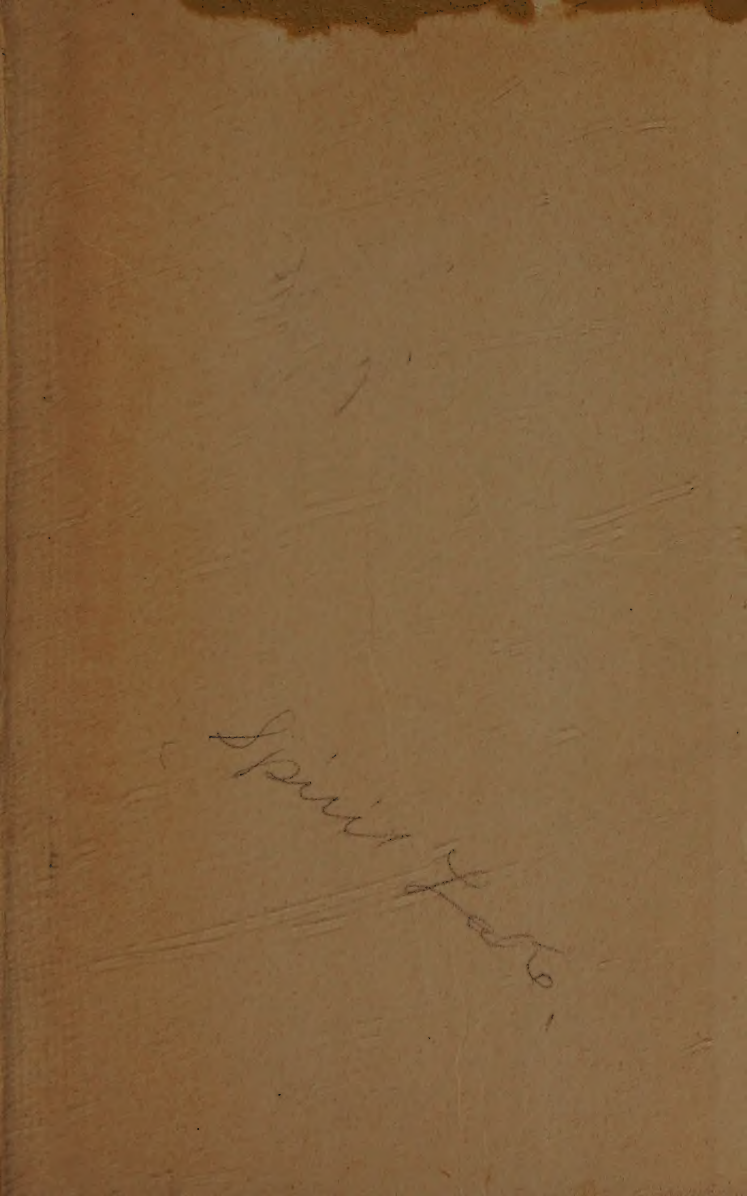

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